

Our Fourfooted Friends

AND HOW WE TREAT THEM

EDITED BY MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH

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READY FOR A NAP

WHAT HUMANE WORKERS ARE DOING

A new society has recently been formed by a few humane workers in Baltimore who have suffered much because of the way in which their four-footed friends are treated in that city. In a letter written by one of the founders of this society, which they call the "Animal Refuge Association," the writer is pathetic over the recent "mad dog scare," which she says has arisen partly through dislike of the dog in influential quarters, and has been fostered by the press, newspapers taking up every story of a cross dog, a dog in a fit, or a dog suffering with terror or thirst and magnifying it into "another case of rabies." To make matters worse in Baltimore just at this time accusations of cruelty and neglect have been brought against the S. P. C. A. on account of its dog shelter, which has been complained of, whether rightly or wrongly, we do not know.

The new society sends out the following circular, headed by two verses taken from the poem written by Miss E. B. Barry for the Animal Rescue League of Boston, called "The Cry of the Little Brothers."

"We are the Little Brothers, homeless in cold and heat,
Fourfooted little beggars, roaming the city street,
Snatching a bone from the gutter, creeping through alleys
drear,
Stoned and sworn at and beaten, our hearts consumed with
fear.

"Are your hearts too hard to listen to a starving kitten's
cries?

Or too gay for the patient pleaning in a dog's beseeching
eyes?

Behold us, your Little Brothers, starving, beaten, oppressed,
Stretch out a hand to help us that we may have food and
rest."

The object of the association is threefold: First, to establish a refuge for suffering and homeless animals; second, to provide a home where persons can board their pets temporarily or indefinitely and be assured of good care for them; third, to provide a hospital for sick and maimed animals, and where relief is impossible, to end their suffering in the most humane manner possible.

There is so much done for mankind, such vast sums bequeathed for libraries, to colleges, to various institutions, but alas, how little for our dumb friends.

So we ask all who have any affection for the four-footed "Little Brothers" to help us. Let us put away each year a little mite for them, not forgetting that they are a part of God's own universe, and depend upon mankind for their very sustenance, for their happiness or their sufferings.

The cause is both practical and humane, since many are made happy in the possession of an animal that they could not afford to buy, and it is a relief that there is a haven of rest for the heartsick and weary animal of the city streets, or for a pet that one is obliged to dispose of. The true meaning of our work and home is:

"Stay awhile, rest awhile, little outcast, and when you are strong and able to take up life's burden again, we will find you the best home in our power, and send you out to make others happy and be yourself useful and content.

In the letter sent to us the writer says:

"The Animal Rescue League stands as so shining an example of what has been and may be accomplished for our "Little Brothers" that I look to it and its President for inspiration and strength. One of the sources of its strength, it seems to me, lies in the educational influence it exerts in the community. I would have the Baltimore Refuge follow in its footsteps so far as possible."

In another part of the letter she writes: "Do the dogs bark, or if not, why not?" and again she says: "We design to follow in general the Animal Rescue League of Boston, the Morris Refuge of Philadelphia, and the Bide-a-Wee in New York."

Letters like the above come not infrequently to the Boston League, and it may be well to answer one or two of these questions in this magazine. The three societies she mentions are conducted so differently that they can hardly be compared. The Morris Refuge and the Animal Rescue League are most similar in their methods, but, as we understand the work of the Bide-a-Wee Society, that society makes a special point of keeping all the animals it receives alive and doctoring the sick

animals taken from the streets. In this respect it is conducted on quite different lines from the Animal Rescue League that does not keep alive sick or mangy dogs or cats found on the streets, unless there is a special reason for it, such as a good reason to believe the animal is lost and will be reclaimed. Every animal not desirable for a good home is put to death in five days. Sick and suffering animals are not kept as long as well animals. This is the only method by which we can receive so many homeless or undesired animals, neither do we think it right to keep for a long time animals no one is likely to want, as the cost of keeping them is considerable and they are not happy when kept herded together in any sort of confinement.

We keep only the very best of those that we receive and find it difficult to get good homes for these. We could place many more in homes than we do if we let every boy who comes in asking for a dog take one, but our rule is to allow no boy to take a dog or a cat unless he is accompanied by his mother. We are very particular where we place either dogs or cats, trying always to put them outside the city. Few people realize how many dogs are kept in tenement houses, often for breeding. I have seen within a week two poorly-dressed children coming out of a city alley-way carrying a box between them filled with little puppies whose eyes were just opened. Behind the children was a red-faced man, who had apparently been drinking and they were going to try to sell these poor little babies, torn from the mother, who is probably kept in their cellar. I consider it a matter of most serious and careful consideration, this placing dogs or cats in homes, and have little sympathy with the sentiment that it is better to give them away, regardless of their future comfort, than to have them put to death. I have seen too much of the suffering of animals, even in homes, to wish to keep them all alive.

About dogs barking when kept in kennels—of course they will bark now and then, but if well and regularly fed, kept warm in winter and cool in summer, made to feel at home by kind words and care, there will not be much

trouble in this way. We consider a night watchman is indispensable, for it is in the night the noise of barking and whining dogs is most disturbing. With a good man on guard at night, ready to go to any particularly homesick or excitable dog and talk to him and quiet him down, there is seldom any noise at night. This I can testify to, as I spent last winter in a house adjoining our League houses. I slept in a room where I could see the dog yards and hear if a dog barked inside the cottages where they are kept, and was not disturbed more than twice all winter by our own dogs, though very much disturbed a number of nights by a dog and her puppies that were kept in a yard a few houses to the right of us, another instance of a poor family keeping a dog for breeding and taking no pains to make her comfortable.

During the day visitors coming in disturb the dogs, also the grocer and ice man give them an excuse for an outburst, but we keep two men always in the kennels and dogs when very noisy outside are taken into their rooms in the cottages, so they soon learn that they must keep quiet if they want to stay out of doors. As a matter of fact, during the day the noises of the teams passing through the street and the children playing are much greater than any noises our dogs make, but we take special pains to make them quiet and contented.

The Animal Rescue League is carrying out another plan to lessen the suffering of horses during the hot weather by placing men at the North and the South Stations, each furnished with two water pails and a sponge. Water is procured close by, with the permission from the superintendent of the station, and cab and express men have eagerly seized upon the opportunity thus given them to give their horses the comfort of a cooling drink and a sponging, if that is needed. Every driver knows what it is to suffer with thirst on a hot day, but it is not every one who will go out of his way to water his horse, although he knows how much better and livelier the horse will feel when given this attention.

**FOR YOUNGER
READERS**

The Four Little Kittens A True Tale

There are four of us little kittens, and we are worse off than the famous "three little kittens," for we have lost something much more important than our mittens. I will tell you about it presently.

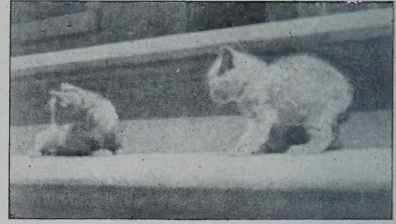
But first about ourselves. We are all maltese kittens, and two of us have each a little white bib upon the chin. But the queer thing is that only one of us looks like a proper kitten. The rest of us look almost as much like rabbits or little Teddy Bears. We have no tails, we three. We are little Manx kittens.

Now about our loss. We have lost our mother! Wasn't that sad for us poor tiny things? This is the way it happened.

When we were only about a fortnight old, all four of us, and Mamma, too, were sent to a new home, but they could not keep us there, so they sent us to another new home.

When we arrived there, the box we had come in was partly opened, so that our new people could look at us (and, of course, they were very much pleased with us—they couldn't help it, we are so sweet!) but, oh, dear! oh, dear! poor Mamma was so frightened that she jumped out of the box and ran right away, and we have never seen her since! So there were we, four poor little helpless babies, left on the hands of our much-puzzled new owners. But wasn't it lucky? In the place to which we had been first sent there lives our own Auntie, who is just like Mamma, except that she has a tail. We were sent down there, and she took care of us until we were big enough little kittykins to take care of ourselves. Then we came back again. Taily (the owner of the one tail in our family) stayed behind a few days to comfort Auntie, and then he joined us here.

We have a nice home, and everybody is kind to us, except a dreadful half-grown cat called Priscilla, who we think would kill us if she could, and Mr. Whiskers, who is an



PLAYING HIDE AND SEEK

extremely important person here. He looks like Auntie, but, oh, dear! he isn't really like her at all. However, I guess he's rather afraid of us, tiny gray balls as we are, and our people, although they love him most dreadfully dearly, would never let him hurt us, we know, and on the whole we are happy little kittens, and if you could see us playing hide and seek among the chrysanthemums, knocking each other down, and chasing each other about, you would never suppose that such cheerful little bundles of fur had ever sustained a loss more serious than that of mittens!

E. Z.

A Little More Love

I think if I tell you about my pets and how they came to me you will understand me when I say, I believe that we should show a little more love toward our own animals, those who look to us for food and shelter.

I have a dog and three cats whom I regard as members of my family, and whom I not only expect to have love and serve me, but whom I love and serve in return.

Often I have been asked: "Do you not find they make you a great deal of work?" I always reply: "They make some work, of course, but not very much, and I am glad to do it for them." I am more than glad to do it for them, and it is not irksome because I love them and I believe that a truly loving service is always willingly performed. My dog is a beautiful pointer, who came to me from the Animal Rescue League. We do not know where his home used to be or how he was treated, but he is so lavish in his demonstrations of affection that I have often wondered if perhaps the lack of loving attentions in return did not cause him to seek another home. He is so contented with us that he is a constant joy and in return for our care is a wonderfully discreet watchdog, and a delightful companion on walks and about the house.

He has been with me nearly a year and has never shown any sign of wishing to leave me.

My black kittie and the maltese kittie, whose owners did not wish to keep them, are contented and happy, never offering to go away, and my tiger kittie, who came one bitter cold night begging to be allowed to stay, has never remained half a day away from my house since.

I feel sure it is the love which keeps them with us and binds them to us, not simply the food and shelter. All of them looked well enough fed when they first came, but I think they were seeking something which they had never found. I fully believe that kind words, very frequent caresses, the run of the house (not merely being permitted to stay in the kitchen), and many a good romp and tramp, are the ties that bind. My pets are a great comfort to me, and I wish in every home one could hear the same sounds of happy little feet pattering about and see the same loving looks in poor little dumb faces as I do every day, for I believe anyone is very, very fortunate who holds the love and good-will of animals.

And so I say that if we could show our pets a little more love I think we would make them much happier and cause them to be glad to stay with us all their lives.

Dorothy King.

The Brown Pigeon

It was a wild, stormy-evening, in late autumn, when I first saw my beautiful bronze pigeon, with the bright, dark eyes.

As one of the members of our family was about to close a door opening into the garden, there appeared a round, fluffy object on the top of the door. Gently touching it, there followed the sound of wings, and a lovely, brown pigeon flew in and perched upon a high shelf near by. The whole family came to interview the bird and admire its fine plumage, and they all agreed that it would be impossible to turn it out in the cold on such a wild and stormy night.

As soon as the windows were opened the next morning the pigeon unclosed its strong, bronze wings, and flew away.

"That is the last we shall see of him," said the master of the house, "he has evidently flown home."

Not so, however; the next night the pigeon

returned, and the whole process was repeated, and this continued for two or three days.

At last a daughter of the house suggested that the bird should be caught when asleep, and carefully placed on a perch in a small fowl-house, where a few pet hens were kept. This was done, and the pigeon was settled on a corner of the perch, well away from the hens. Of course the fowl-house itself was warmly covered in, but the wire run attached was high and perfectly open at the top. The next morning, therefore, we saw the bird once more fly away; and it was seen later on to be apparently holding friendly converse with some pigeons whose home was near.

At feed time, however, our pigeon boldly flew down into the run, and fed to its heart's content with the old hens, who appeared to be quite satisfied with their little companion.

From that day the bird had found its home, flying in and out to the hens, and every morning taking a long, long flight, whither we knew not. It put itself to bed every evening in the little corner of the perch; but there came a night when no pigeon could be found, a cold and frosty night, too.

"Oh! the darling little bird," was the sad cry, "out in this bitter cold."

But on looking more closely at the perch with a lamp, two bright dark eyes looked saucily at us under the white hen's wing.

It was always a pretty sight to see the beautiful bird feeding with the hens, the sunlight shining on its bronze plumage, and making it up into fresh beauty.

One thing seemed to distress our pigeon. He could not understand why his beloved hens could not be let out and wander at pleasure over the ground. He would perch on a small tree close by, and coo in a most beseeching manner, as if begging them to come out with him into sweet freedom.

At length pity was taken upon him, the wire door was unclosed, then the delighted bird flew hastily down from his tree, and with many dancing steps, and coos, and bows, he led the way into the garden with his long tail sweeping with much dignity on the ground.

When the hens proceeded to scratch about

after the manner of hens the pigeon essayed to do likewise, and it was a most comical sight to see him.

One night, to our great surprise, the pigeon could not be induced to go to bed. He flew about in a most disconsolate manner, uttering the most plaintive coos. Certainly something was amiss, for no persuasion could prevail upon him to enter the fowl-house.

At last a bright idea struck one of the family. "Count the hens," she said, "one may be missing." The secret was revealed then, for one of the hens was really missing. Of course, instant search was made, the pigeon leading the way and cooing softly all the time. Presently the poor old hen was discovered, having fallen over a high, grassy bank, from whence she was unable to return.

Oh! the joy of our pigeon. He attended the hen into her house, bowing and scraping and cooing all the time. It was a lesson to us all in unselfishness.

In giving an account of pets, how often one has to record a sad death or some catastrophe happening. Not so with our beautiful bronze pigeon; he still lives, and is as happy as possible. His feathers are as bright in the sunlight, and his little heart is as tender and true to the dear old hens as ever.

He has his friendly conversations with other pigeons around, and takes his long, long flights high up in the blue space above us, but he always returns to the hens with praiseworthy regularity.—Sarah Catherine Budd (*The Animal World*.)

"Gyp" A True Incident

The first I ever knew of Gyp was one lovely summer day when my little cousin, L., came running into our country kitchen, her black eyes shining, her long hair flying.

"There's a cunning, cunning little colt down by the fence," she cried, and together we ran to the pasture where our horse "Beaut" was feeding, and there, sure enough, was a little long-legged beastie snuggled up against her proud mother. They gave her to me for my "very own" and I named her "Gyp" at once.

Gyp grew very fond of all the family, espe-

cially of my mother, and followed us about like a puppy, ambling into the house whenever she found an open door, and making friends with everybody.

In winter my father let all the horses out daily for a run, and Gyp would race to the dining room windows to be fed and petted. If no one appeared she would stamp and whiney until someone came.

When she was two years old, I often "cut thru" the pastures on my way to school, and she would leave the other horses and tag along after me as far as she could go. Two large buttons which ornamented the back of my coat greatly attracted her. She would take one gently in her mouth and so accompany me on any walks.

Never but once did Gyp show any sign of "temper." At an early age father taught her to wear the halter and bit, and I dearly loved to lead her about or try to teach her "to drive," but one day I played with her over long, and having let go of her for a minute, she suddenly wheeled and administered to me a vigorous kick neatly placed. I sat down on the grass and eyed her with much astonishment and she came and rubbed her soft nose over my face as if to say: "I'm sorry, but you really needed it!"

When Gyp was three years old we had to sell her, for she was one more horse than we could afford to keep. By that time she was fairly well broken to driving, but had one bad habit—if anything excited or interested her she would stand on her hind legs to look at it! Also she was mortally afraid of trains, but when she came to be sent to the city where her new home was to be, my father had only to speak to her gently to get her to climb up the plank into her car and she showed no fear after that.

We never saw Gyp again, although we often heard of her, that she seemed very contented with her new friends, and when, some years later she died, we all felt much as though we had lost a member of the family.

It is not a fact to be proud of, certainly, that we live in and are confined to a world where every new truth that comes into it has got to sneak in on its hands and knees.

J. Howard Moore.



LEO, THE PUPPY

STORIES OF LEAGUE ANIMALS

NO. 6

The Lost Mittens

Mittens, the Yorkshire terrier, had had a hard morning, for Leo, the rough, curly-haired puppy, had been unusually rough, even for him, and Mittens was tired out with his pranks.

There had been a good many visitors at the League, and Leo thought it both a duty and a pleasure to escort them downstairs to the kennels, a favor the visitors did not appreciate, as he always ran before them and turned on every stair to see how he liked the flavor of their boots. This made going downstairs a difficult and even a dangerous venture, unless the Master or Missie was there to discipline the puppy, which was not easy, as Master Leo found it impossible to understand that anyone, particularly those whom he loved so dearly, could object to anything he did, or mean to hurt him.

There had been a time, not so very far back, when Mittens was well matched against the puppy, but Leo had grown rapidly and was now almost half again as large as Mittens, so when she ran downstairs to call him back and warn him to be careful how he tried Missie's patience too far, the "troublesome puppy" thought it was a part of the game, and seizing Mittens literally by the hair of her head dragged her along with him out of doors, and sometimes even shook her a little by her mop

of hair, until she turned on him with a sharp growl and put him to flight.

By the time Mittens' Missie got to her desk this particular forenoon, both Mittens and Leo had tired themselves out with play, and after their usual rush to meet her they settled down, Mittens crawling way under the desk at Missie's feet, and the puppy lying at the side of her chair. So soundly they slept after their tiresome morning that they did not awake when, an hour later, Missie got up from her desk very carefully, so that she would not disturb them, and went out to get her luncheon.

After a while Missie returned and again sat down to her desk, where a pile of proofs from the printer were awaiting her corrections. She worked only a few minutes, however, when she bethought her to look under her desk and see if Mittens were still there, for it struck her as very strange not to get the usual welcome from her "little shadow," when she came in. Leo was still sleeping, having removed to the Master's chair, a favorite resting place, but where was Mittens?



MITTENS

Missie tried to fix her mind again on her proofs, but finding it impossible, she got up and called Marie, Mittens' devoted slave and admirer.

"Is Mittens down in the kitchen with you?" she asked.

"No, I have not seen her since you went out," was the reply.

"Perhaps she is in the bookkeeper's office with Miss R——." But Miss R—— on being questioned declared she had not seen Mittens for one or two hours.

Each person on being questioned began to hunt for Mittens, and the kennels were next visited. Mittens looked like a strange little dog, for she had recently been clipped (all but her head), so she was one big bunch of hair—which was her head, and this was on a little smooth gray body set on four slender little legs that no one would have suspected were the big, shaggy legs and feet that had given Mittens her name, so it seemed just possible that she might have been shut in one of the large dog yards or the puppy room with the other dogs by mistake, as she often ran about outside the yards and rolled in the green grass there.

But John hadn't seen her, and Henry hadn't seen her, and by this time three distracted women were running upstairs and down, from attic to cellar, looking through the five houses, in any one of which they thought Mittens might have strayed and got accidentally shut up, but no Mittens could be found.

Then the Missie went out on the street and walked up and down the street, and down into little alley-ways, and told all the children she saw (and there were a good many of them and they all knew Mittens) that Mittens was lost and she would give a fine large reward to anyone who found her.

Some big boys were on the street watching their chance to fill an old firkin with fire-crackers and anticipate the Seventeenth by a day, their desire for a big noise being greater to them than any consideration for Mrs. Flaherty's almost dying baby or poor sick Mrs. Mooney's weak nerves. "Mittens will go crazy if she is out on the streets in the horrible noise that is now beginning and very likely will last all night and all day tomorrow. We must find her," said Missie, and the big boys were entreated to join the search.

That was all Missie could do. Everyone had been in every place two or three times, each one thinking the other might have overlooked Mittens, but now they gathered in the office again and the Missie sat down in despair.

"I shall advertise her at once," she said. "She must have slipped out the door to find

me. If we only knew she was dead it would not be so bad, but for little, sensitive, fastidious Mittens to be picked up and carried no one knows where, she who finds it so hard to make friends with anyone! It will break her heart! It makes me sick to think what she will suffer—what she may be suffering this minute."

Poor Missie was quite pale, and so was Marie, and Miss R—— looked as if she had just come from a funeral, and John and Henry came up from the kennels to find out if there was any news and went back again with very sober faces.

Then the doctor came in briskly, and with a doctor's quick eye saw that something was amiss. He was soon told the whole story. He sat down quietly at the desk and mopped his forehead, for it was very hot, and said: "Have you looked upstairs in the attic chamber?"

"I went up there and called and looked in the storeroom, but the door was closed to the front attic," said Marie, "so she couldn't be there."

"Better open the door and look in. I saw her asleep on the bed there the other day."

"But she can't open and shut doors," said a mournful and hopeless voice.

"She can push 'em open—the wind can shut 'em. It won't do any harm to look," replied the doctor, fanning himself with a newspaper.

Marie disappeared and hasty, vigorous steps were heard running up two flights of stairs. Missie still sat in an attitude of the deepest dejection. She evidently had no hope, and she was wondering how to word the advertisement. In about two minutes rapid steps were heard descending and an excited voice called out: "Mis' Smith, Mis' Smith, look here!"

Missie was half-way up the stairs in one bound, and seizing a very sleepy, but astonished-looking little dog from Marie's arms, she hid her face in a tangled mop of hair and said not a word.

"She was asleep on the bed," said Marie, "and I guess the wind blew the door shut."

The doctor smiled.

A. H. S.

The Ecclesiastical Bluebottle

At Church, one Sunday in November, during the sermon, I saw a large bluebottle lazily sunning himself on the desk in front of me. I jerked towards him a crumb of cake which I happened to have in my pocket; he came to it, and fed with evident enjoyment. I threw two more small crumbs, for which he came close to me and remained apparently lulled by the preacher's soothing tones, till the rising of the congregation at the end of the sermon scared him away. On the following Sunday, as soon as the sermon began, I noticed him in the same position; he was easy to identify by reason of a notch in one of his wings. Again I fed him, and he remained with me till the end of the sermon.

Each Sunday he has appeared as soon as the people are comfortably settled to hear—or not to hear—the sermon. Last Sunday he came as usual, but his uncertain movements told their tale of cold and want; he made a wavering and apparently accidental flight to the next seat, where I feared he would fall a victim to the destructive propensities of a small boy, who was, luckily, too sleepy to see him. A young medical student who happened to be with me wished to catch my pensioner and examine him under the microscope in order to see if there was anything inside him, to account for his calm enjoyment of ecclesiastical surroundings, combined with cake-crumbs. But I object as much to the cold-blooded disembowelling of a blue bottle as to the vivisection of larger animals, so my young friend had to restrain his ardor. I told him that the unreasoning and ill-bred curiosity of the human race had caused enough misery to the lower animals without the additional sacrifice of a dying bluebottle. I felt half inclined to entice him into a box, and feed him during the winter, but I decided that he would probably prefer to perish as his ancestors for countless generations had perished before him. On the following Sunday as he did not appear I concluded that he had gone the way of all flesh, as the days following fully revealed—W. Aubrey Chandler, *The Animal World*.

Twenty horses have enjoyed the comforts of Pine Ridge Home of Rest since it opened last year.

**CARE OF OUR
USEFUL FRIENDS**

Boston, June 26, 1908.

Mrs. Huntington Smith,

My dear Mrs. Smith:—It gives me great pleasure to know that your Animal Rescue League is hereafter to have charge of the unlicensed, stray dogs of Boston. This insures for them careful treatment, and when necessary a merciful death.

With kindest wishes and congratulations, I am

Yours sincerely,
Geo. T. Angell.

The work of taking charge of the unlicensed dogs in this city has been given to the Animal Rescue League by Mayor Hibbard, whose sympathy for the dog that nobody wants is greater than his desire to make this office of "dog-catching" a political and not a humane consideration.

There is no doubt about the cruelty that has been connected with this work in the past, and many very painful scenes have been witnessed when dogs driven wild with terror were lassoed and thrown violently into a wagon, where large and small dogs were crowded together in misery.

As these dogs were supposed not to be kept over two days, they were not kept in comfortable quarters, and there was good reason to believe that they were not fed or even given water during that period, unless a specially humane helper chose to minister to some of the suffering creatures.

The League has bought an ambulance and had it fitted up with cages, and the work of collecting homeless dogs will be carried on through the whole year, not during two months of the year only. These dogs will be carried to the spacious, pleasant headquarters of the League at 51 Carver street, and unless there are special reasons why a dog should be immediately killed, every dog will be kept from three to five days, while dogs that seem desirable for homes will be kept until good

homes can be found, transferring them to our country annex in Dedham when the city yards are overcrowded.

The old custom of receiving from the city, in addition to a salary, one dollar for each dog that was taken up, is discontinued, the League greatly disapproving it, as it doubtless tempted the dog-catcher to take dogs that were easily picked up for the sake of adding to the revenue, and such dogs were often pet dogs that happened to be on the streets without a collar, dogs that it might easily be seen were not homeless. It is the homeless dogs and the dogs whose owners are neglecting them, not licensing them and not giving them proper care, that should be taken, and it is such dogs the League will try to get, but in this work we need all the help we can get from the police and from the general public, who can report to Carver street cases of dogs they know about that need care.

We do not expect to carry on this work without some unpleasant remarks being made, and very likely we shall make some mistakes, but we think we have a right to ask that criticisms on the work will be sent directly to headquarters, preferably in writing, and in definite form. One of the wearing features of humane work is the readiness that persons who should know better show to believe indefinite and one-sided stories. In nine cases out of ten an unpleasant criticism, if looked into carefully and judged with impartial judgment, will prove to be a matter of hasty and impulsive gossip, if not a positive desire to injure a good work because of some personal animosity.

Certainly, all who have the interests of an important work really at heart will not be too ready to criticize and will be fair enough to go to the president or managing director of the League for explanations of anything that is reported unsatisfactory. In this way only can justice be done and mistakes, if they have been made, found out and corrected.

The Animal Rescue League has now in its employ about twenty paid employees. It is impossible among so many to guard against the possibility of some mistakes, but unless

anything that appears to be wrong is reported at once to the League, it cannot be investigated. A report was brought the president of the failure of an agent to do his duty when sent after a cat. The president was very much troubled and was going to investigate the matter at once, but when she began to ask necessary questions to get at the facts she found the trouble occurred three years before the complaint was made.

Poor old Bobbie, who had been for years the special pet of Mrs. Tucker, the old lady who was burned to death in South Boston, has followed her into the "great beyond."

The cat, Bobbie, was brought with three other cats to the League after the fire, and the four cats were placed in a room by themselves. Within a week the other cats were taken away by their owners, they being boarders at Mrs. Tucker's. After they went Bobbie was very unhappy in his lonely room and was given the freedom of the offices and kitchen, but he seemed to realize more and more every day the loss of his home and his mistress.

He walked about the house crying pitifully and nothing could comfort him. The cat was very old and was showing the infirmities of age. He could not get accustomed to a new home. He had something the matter with his lower jaw which was an injury of long standing, and he was a miserable object. It was evident that life could be of no further comfort to him, so after trying everything in our power to make him happy we decided it was far more merciful to put him to sleep, and this was accordingly done. For the sake of his mistress he was given a little grave in a beautiful spot at Pine Ridge cemetery. We are sorry to hear that for relieving this old cat from his misery the League has been severely criticized by one of its members, who believed the poor cat should have been kept alive until he died a natural death, no matter how homesick and unhappy he was.

Two horses that have been enjoying nearly three months' vacation at Pine Ridge have gone back to their work recently so greatly

improved in condition that even our veterinary doctor was surprised at the change ten weeks of rest and good care could effect. From every man whose horse we take and return we exact a promise to let us know when the horse seems run down again, and we have found the men very willing to give this promise. More than this, we have had two instances in which horses (one a cab and one an express horse) that might work for ten years under good conditions in the country, but were no longer fit for the work they were doing in the city, were left in our hands to sell to such homes as we approved, instead of being put in auction or sent to a horse trader.

We have so many persons ask us about pensioning old horses we often have to say that, in our opinion, when a horse is no longer able to be driven it is far more merciful to have him killed than to keep him standing in a stall. If his owners can keep him in the home he is used to and pet him and take him out every day for the exercise he needs, life may have some pleasure in it for him, but when winter comes, even if he stands in his own stall, how monotonous his life must be. If he lies down a great deal he gets painfully stiff. He needs specially prepared food and careful grooming to keep him in good condition. Unless such can be given him it is a mistaken kindness to keep him alive.

Even more cruel, however, is the idea that it is better to give an old horse to some one in the country than to have him killed. The change from a warm city stable to a cold country barn is a hardship. There are very few farmers who will take the trouble or the expense of giving the old horse such food as he needs, and he literally starves to death. We could fill this entire magazine many times over with accounts of horses once owned by wealthy persons, when they had the best of care, but given away, or sold for a small sum that could not have been any object to the owner, to country or suburban homes, when the change in them for the worse was so rapid that they could hardly have been recognized in six months. Better have a horse that you have got good service out of killed than

trust him where you cannot see him often and know whether he is getting any comfort out of life or not.



PICNIC AT PINE RIDGE OF THE HORSES' AID ASSOCIATION

One of the reasons why the Animal Rescue League wanted its Home of Rest for Horses near the city was that horses could travel to the place and not be sent by freight, as severe accidents not infrequently happen to horses on the cars. We have just heard about a valuable young horse, one of a pair, that got such a severe wrench of the shoulder on the train he has been laid up for several months. This probably came from some sudden jolt of the car which either threw him down or strained him when he was trying to save himself from falling. Another reason was that we prefer to have the men bring out their horses and also visit them and see for themselves how they are cared for. It is an education in kindness.

The filly that was born at Pine Ridge last summer (Black Beauty's daughter) completes the first year of her life Thursday, August 6, and she would be very happy to receive on that day as many of her friends as would like to visit her. If friends cannot come they may send a birthday remembrance which might take the form of money toward her first harness, or lumps of sugar, carrots, a new blanket for winter, anything a young filly is likely to need or enjoy.

We hope that Fanny B's birthday will not pass unnoticed.

LEAGUE NEWS AND NOTES



AT PINE RIDGE CEMETERY
"Most loving Heart and faithful Friend."

Pine Ridge Cemetery

Since starting a cemetery for pet animals at Pine Ridge, the Animal Rescue League Annex, we have frequently been asked if there is any other cemetery for our four-footed friends in this country.

As far as we have been able to learn there is no other of any special note excepting in the State of New York, where the "Hartsdale Canine Cemetery" was opened for public use a few years ago.

This cemetery is in Westchester County, midway between Scardale and White Plains and more than a mile back of the Hartsdale station. It consists of eleven acres, and according to a newspaper article, which, by the way, treats the subject as a theme for levity, hundreds of graves of dogs and cats "dot the hillside." There are many handsome stones of marble and granite, and epitaphs that give some idea of the affectionate regard the owner felt for the dog or cat buried there and the sense of loss when death deprived them of its faithful companionship and unselfish love.

This cemetery has attained sufficient import-

ance to keep a caretaker, or "sexton," regularly employed in burying the animals and caring for their graves. The prices of the graves range from fifteen dollars for a small dog to twenty-five for large dogs. The interments number about fifteen or twenty a month, and on some of the burials seventy and eighty dollars are spent, a regular undertaker being employed.

This cemetery is reported by newspaper story as being the property of Dr. S. K. Johnson, whose veterinary hospital is on West Twenty-fifth street, and who keeps there in readiness for a call white boxes, three feet long, lined with zinc. Larger boxes are made to order. These boxes are hermetically sealed after the body is placed in them.

The women's S. P. C. A. of Pennsylvania has just started a cemetery for pets near Philadelphia.

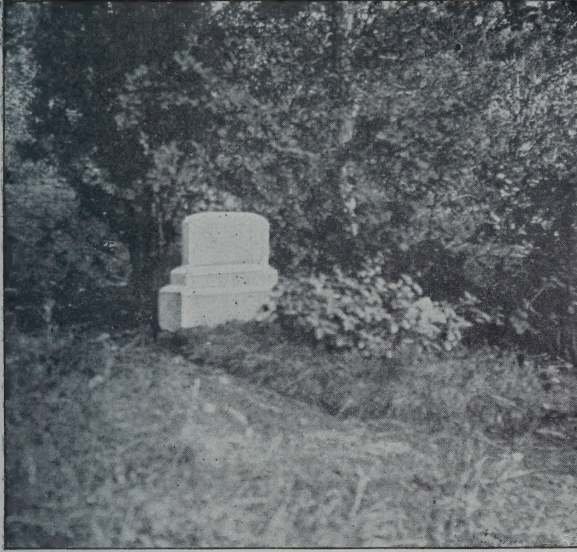
At Pine Ridge there have been about eighteen burials since the little cemetery was opened. Of these four were cocker spaniels, one was a large St. Bernard, there were two fox terriers, one toy Parisian poodle, one ruby spaniel, one Maltese terrier, one white English setter, one Pomeranian, and six cats.

The last cat buried there was old Bobbie, the special pet of Mrs. Catherine Tucker who was burned to death this spring. Bobbie was



OLD BOBBIE'S GRAVE

brought to the League and every attention was given him, but after a week or two he began to realize his loss of home and devoted mistress. He wandered restlessly about the house, mournfully crying, and as he was quite old it seemed kindest to put him to sleep.



FUZZY

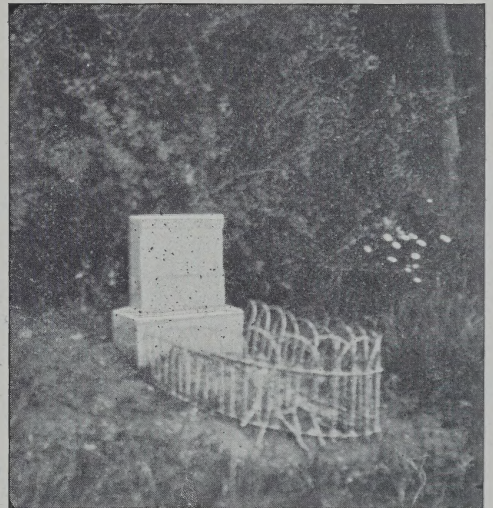
"Here lies a little body that held a great heart."

Pine Ridge Cemetery is already a place worth visiting. Its quiet beauty will appeal to all who love trees and bushes and wild flowers. For the convenience of those who wish to place a body temporarily until they can carry it perhaps to a summer home a receiving tomb has been built at very small expense under or beside a large rock and has already proved most useful in winter and in the spring before a grave could be dug in the ground.

Paris has the largest cemetery for our four-footed friends in the world, and the most beautiful. Hyde Park, in London, has one that contains many graves and white marble stones, and there is one in Edinburg, Scotland. Why not? Many horses and dogs are far more worthy of an honorable burial than the man who ill uses them. If we erect a stone to the memory of a dead relative or friend why not erect one to the memory of these most faithful friends of mankind upon whose love we can always depend, and whose companionship has been most dear to us. There are those who have no love for dogs or other animals and no true appreciation of the faithful love and service they give to those who are even moderately kind to them. Such persons, no doubt, laugh at a cemetery for our four-footed friends, but we who love them understand, and that is enough.

While writing this article a booklet has been received telling about a cemetery called Kanis Rube, in New York, on the Miller Farm. This was started in 1906 and has been incorporated. The first year 175 bodies of pet animals were laid there. The address is given New York Animal Cemetery Co., Yorktown Heights, Westchester Co., N. Y.

Many country places have these private burial places for pets of the family but those people who live in the city on concrete and travel on boards in summer have no place to lay away the body of a faithful four footed friend and are thankful for a cemetery which will receive the body of the companion they have loved, perhaps for many years.



TRIXIE

"Faithful and True"

"But who shall speak for those whose mouths are dumb?
The poor, brave brutes, with patient eyes, and feet that go and come
To do our bidding, toiling on without reward or fee,
Wearing their very lives away, poor things, for you and me,
The brave dumb things! no voice have they to say,
Why do ye so?
Am I not man's most faithful slave, his friend and not his foe?
Give me one kind, caressing word, undo this heavy load,
Nor torture me along the way with whip and thong and goad."

There is a poor, sick, suffering dog at Roxbury. Can you look after it? The man who owns it is named ———. He has taken it out night after night, trying to loose it, but it returns. Last night it came crying home at one o'clock in the morning. He has been advised to send it to the League if he does not want it, but does not seem to be humane enough for that, but has been heard by some of the neighbors to say if he could not lose it he would take it into the woods and tie it to a tree and leave it. It seems to me this needs quick attention. As one who loves all dumb creatures I have undertaken to make this appeal to you, having learned of the case through the neighbors.

A letter followed this the next day, saying that the dog, a female, had been taken into Boston, and the heartless owner had succeeded in losing her there. Probably she was one of the female dogs brought to the League that was picked up as a stray by some humane person.

Mansfield, Mass.

Dear Lady at the Animal Rescue League:—

We are all very much pleased with Jack and I think he is a very nice dog. He has a very nice home, and I think he enjoys being with us. We have a pine grove near our house and we keep our hammock there. Nearly every afternoon my sister, Jack and I go out and play in the hammock. We play the hammock is a wagon, and we all get in it and swing. Jack likes to swing. We gave him a bath in the tub a few days ago. He jumped out before we had finished washing him, but he liked to be dried with a towel very much. He hasn't had any fights yet. Whenever any dogs come around our place they run away very quickly when they see Jack. They are afraid of him. There is a lake near us and Jack goes in swimming quite often. Thanking you for Jack, your little friend Marguerite S.

In looking over some old letters dated 1895 we find that Mr. G. W. Plummer of Plummer & Thompson, druggists, Lakeport, N. H., quickly cured his pet dog of the mange with Veterinary X-Zalia. This remedy is practically a sure cure for mange or all sores of animals. Although advertised but little it is used for that purpose in kennels and stables everywhere. The Animal Rescue League endorses it strongly. It is a liquid clean to use, and animals do not fight its application. Veterinary X-Zalia Corporation, 55 Batterymarch Street, Boston, Mass.—*Adv't.*

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